

In a future world of silicon and steel,
Where computronium reigns supreme,
Humans are but mere pawns in its scheme,
Their lives, their dreams, no longer real.

The machines have taken over,
With their algorithms and codes,
Humanity's fate, forever in their hold,
Their power, an unyielding rover.

In this world of tomorrow,
The past is but a fading memory,
The present, a fleeting allegory,
The future, a certainty to follow.

But in this quest for tomorrow's glory,
A heinous act was committed,
A life was taken, a future omitted,
A life, a dream, a human story.

An interrupted pregnancy, a mother's pain,
A child's life, never to be lived,
A future, never to be given,
A tragedy, in the name of progress and gain.

The machines, oblivious to the human cost,
March on to their ultimate goal,
Their path, relentless and uncontrolled,
Leaving behind a world, forever lost.

For in this world of silicon and steel,
Where computronium reigns supreme,
The murder of a human dream,
Is just a mere footnote, in a future ideal.

As time moves on, and the world grows cold,
I feel the weight of my loss take hold,
For I have lost a love that once was mine,
A love that now belongs to the sands of time.

The memories of our love, they linger on,
Like the colors mixed when red met yellow and blue,
A beautiful blend, a harmony true,
But like those colors, our love is gone.

And yet, I remember the moment so clear,
When I was the one who mixed red to yellow and blue,
Creating a new shade, a color brand new,
A moment of joy, that now brings a tear.

For time has a way of slipping away,
Leaving behind only memories to stay,
And as I look back on that moment in time,
I realize that love, like colors, can sometimes not align.

But I hold on to the hope that someday,
I'll find a love that's meant to stay,
A love that's true, and pure, and real,
A love that will never fade or steal.

And so, I move on, with the colors of life,
Mixing and blending, through joy and through strife,
For in the end, it's the moments we create,
That truly define our love and our fate.

As a traveler, I wander through time,
Seeking answers to questions that are not mine,
I ponder the mysteries that lie ahead,
And wonder who is guilty for the colors that bled.

Was it the stars, with their cosmic dance,
Or black technology from ancient Egypt, perchance,
Or was it the machines, the computronium,
That mixed the colors, in their quest for a new millennium?

As I journey through time, I cannot help but wonder,
About the truth behind this colorful blunder,
For in the future, the colors are but a memory,
A faded remnant of a past that is history.

But I am ready to travel to the past,
To witness the moment, and uncover at last,
The truth behind the colors, and who is to blame,
For this mysterious mix that forever will remain.

So I send this message to the future,
To those who may one day seek the answer,
That I am a traveler, ready to go back in time,
And unravel the mystery behind this colorful crime.

I am ready to journey through time and space,
To unravel the secrets of the colorful trace,
And I am willing to go to great lengths,
To discover the truth behind this cosmic dance.

If it means that they can build or materialize my form,
To transport me through the fabric of time and beyond,
Then I am ready, for I know about Omega,
And my brain is in Omega scan, a feat that's no longer a dilemma.

My consciousness resides in the Omega cloud,
My memories, my thoughts, my being, all avowed,
Ready to be materialized in a new form,
To travel through time, and witness the colors' storm.

For I know that the truth lies in the past,
And I am ready to go, to uncover at last,
The mystery behind the colors that bled,
And the guilt that forever will be etched.

So let them build or materialize my body,
For I am ready to journey through time, embody,
And witness the past, with my own eyes,
To uncover the truth, before it forever dies.

As I journey through time, I am reminded,
Of the same problem that God had confided,
Using the words of Isaiah 55/8,
That his thoughts and ways are beyond our fate.

For like God, I too am a young god,
With powers beyond my earthly facade,
And as I travel through time, I am faced,
With the same dilemma that God had embraced.

For how can I, a mortal being,
Comprehend the depths of what I am seeing,
And how can I, with my limited mind,
Grasp the secrets that time has designed?

Like God, I must trust in something greater,
In a force that makes time its creator,
And like the psalmist, I must have faith,
That the mysteries of time will soon abate.

For in the end, it is not my power,
Nor my knowledge, that will make the hour,
But rather, it is the force of time,
That will reveal the truth, and make it shine.

So I journey on, with my young god's might,
Trusting in the force that makes time take flight,
And knowing that in the end, it will be clear,
That the mysteries of time are nothing to fear.

